

# OZ 37.20c

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# THE DAY BY DREA

Elis D. Fogg presents



## PSYCHEDELIC ENVIRONMENT

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Watch out for our 1 act play "Dot of the Flying Pan" and new "Cannon Monte-Portia Suggestion etc" (sic) and underground films.

**January 22:** Rube hoped that when he bequeathed Ryan, the "Eucalyptus" label would drop just as fast as the body but it seems to be sticking. He is currently the crowd dispenser of the test along with Mr. (by name) and his minister Pooze, Queensland's new Premier.

Rene's latest trick is a tax of one cent in every \$10 which the Commonwealth thinks kills its taxing power and refuses to pay him. Thus, federal public servants have to make out two tax returns—one for earned income tax and the other for Henry. But Victorian look on the bright side, the tax should just about pay for the increased staff needed to process all the tax returns.

**January 23:** Ainsley Goble, 21, was appointed personal secretary to the PM at which every Women's Page editors roared amazes off to snap Ainsley at work, at home with men and sexually overindulging 9 days out on the third finger, left hand. With mystery, sex and power, she looks sure to be a power behind the throne. Soon, beside the Ambie Rex, will we see the crime scene grin of the Ainsley Regent?

**January 24:** In Vietnam Gunner Newman was sentenced to five years after killing an officer (not one of Them) with a grenade. Newman was given his arbitrary term spent much of his time tramping across the barbed wire perimeter fence to a Vietnamese bar and nearby. Newman got his DA, R & E, CO and VC & hit missed, blew a fuse and did a flat change.

The court-martial thought it was a slack battery.

The star of "Tonight—with Marion Isaacson" arrived back in Sydney to be greeted with fans, flowers and what he maintains was a plotless.

"It seems to be a complete surprise to Don and he can only guess how it was done," his solicitor said. "He has been doing a lot of thinking about it and he is still doing plenty of guessing about it." The inspired guessing was grateful the next morning as Channel Nine's solicitors furiously went through his new contract looking for a loophole and R.S.L. miners polished up "This was a lonely way to..."

Even if he beats the charge, when will Don Lane be as far as irrelevant is concerned? Would you believe, up Memory Isaacson...

**January 25:** Mrs. Barrow left Frank for a moment on the Georges and the Mahanah. He may be all bull but the backpack seemed to repel more than the sacred cow.

**January 26:** North Korea stopped off the straight and narrow of the 44th Parallel to seize the U.S.S. Pacific apparently engaged in oceanographic studies. Like studies of Woe San harbor, anti-aircraft defenses, wireless, warplanes and airfields. The Pentagon Oceanographic Section seems to employ very shallow minds.

**January 27:** PM joined the Seekers at "Australians of the Year." Their songs summed up all that was best and most typical of Australia, he said and went all to conference on foreign policy.

Two weeks later, Seekers lady Dariusz complained that someone was sending her disturbing letters. "I just didn't understand them," she said, "but they had two meanings. Anything I don't understand I relied as a threat to my safety." Which seems best and most typical of Australia too.

**January 28:** Minister for Territories (MST) Mr. Barrow took a stab at being a political scientist by denoting his New Guinea policy at a Canberra seminar. Independence was not necessarily the sole way for New Guinea to develop, he thought. He saw "partnership" as a step forward and then stepped back as the seminar leapt at him. He may have a straight policy line but it still looks like a Barrow chase.

**FEBRUARY:** Vietnamese Tet (New Year) and a bad attack of footpox for American spokesman in the VC Tet-announced Saigon Saigon organized a "Tet-for-Tet" campaign and went so thick so far as the U.S. soldiers were concerned. And they were. Gorton announced that he'd send no more dollars to such an unsatisfactory (and unsanitary) war. Gough came back to a Sarf's Paradise Labor-in-politics committee that didn't particularly want a Gough-Labor. Norman went up to his knee. Ming led the trend back to ride with his



For people who don't know what day it is, **GAY NOUVEAU CALENDARS** in glowing psychedelic colours \$2.00 each plus \$2.00 handling fee (41 \$50 for 1 doc. less or more). Post to c. Paddington Lane, Paddington NSW. Home is not a home without one!

Maximum officials today refused to discuss the news that Yeh Yeh is on his way on a charge of assaulting a woman.

Big only parties—like an... certain banding—has improved greatly since he joined **Ballroom** two years ago.

**MURDER, 1984, FEBRUARY 16, 1984**

TV series and Wilson attended a White House press to hear "I've got plenty of Nether" which he knew by heart and "The Road to Murder" which he closed. Our boys re-took the capital of Free Toy province which they have been extremely gaudy for 3 years. David Hughes made no clothes statement on the Opera House to close the book but Utman telegram arrived and the copybook looked terribly belated.



**I RAISE THE BELL DON'T I?**

**February 16:** A disgraced Catholic priest signing himself "Father Nan Myles" made strongly against doctrine of celibacy, that re-opened the whole question which the Church had hopefully buried only a few weeks before.

Father Nan Myles  
Discovered a phallos  
Abandoned the chalice  
For Alice or vodka?



# SAIGON ESTATES

**A**FTER each war, Australia has to rehabilitate the heroes who fought. Aussies have been fighting since the First Fleet and the RSL has been talking about homes fit for heroes from then on. We've been in the Crimea, Boer, Sudan, First World, Second World, Malaya, Korea, Cyprus (well, some cops), Middle East and now Vietnam.

We've never failed to do right by the boys and they've done all right, too.

The soldier settlement scheme for this current war is a bit different from the others but it's not really a war like the others is it? Not really a war at all, come to that.

"Saigon Estate" will be a prestige satellite town in the battle-arena district of status suburbs of each capital city. Here, the battle-fatigued veteran and his family (if his wife didn't desert him) will be able to re-adjust gradually to the tempo of Australian life and the customs that he has all but forgotten.

The Sydney "Saigon Estate" is to be found on the desirable southern coastline just north of Prince Henry's Regentium and south of Long Bay. Cracking small emerald hills from the nearby Hills Range will fill the concept to sleep while the sight of barbed wire and lepers will be a reminder, yet somehow different, daytime sight. Warm, westerly breezes bring "honey scents" and "gas whisker" from Bannering power station as an added assistance to gradual rehabilitation in this spot which has been specifically chosen for its similarity to Vietnam.

In Melbourne, lovely Werribee, on the foreshore of Port Phillip Bay, is the chosen spot. Making-like waters lap the oyster sands and the sewage treatment plant is barely a grenade's throw away.



Although Melbourneans have not time, the flat Werribee plains may well make excellent paddocks and it is planned to flood them before the boys return so that they may bring their acquired knowledge to bear. Last the taxpayer reading this brochure have any qualms, we may assure him that the flooding will not entail further expense—it occurs naturally each high tide.

An added attraction of Werribee (which Army personnel were quick to note) were the Aborigines which diffuse a rich scent (and occasional sounds) unsuitable to any Vietnam campaigner.



Melbourne planners chuckled when they discovered this fact for, of course, rivalry was keen between the two cities and Sydney seemed to have more of the natural advantages that would go to make up a successful rehabilitation centre.

In due course, the other capitals will possess their own re-housing areas and suggestions are cordially invited as to positions for them. Letters to the editor of this publication will be acknowledged and your detailed experience of the advantages of each site may be printed.



So come on, readers in Perth, Brisbane, Adelaide and Wellington—here have your ideas for the Boys' Own (Hobart has already nominated Pt. Arthur and the old Cascade Brewery).

If YOU have a loved one serving in Vietnam at the moment, you would be doing him a service to APPLY for one of the lovely allotments.

If he survives and has more than TWO (2) weeks leave then his name will be placed in the barrel on his return. Preference will be given to those men with more than TWO AND ONE HALF (2 1/2) times leave although this can include two half weeks and leave points will be given for each joint remaining.

Won't you apply? Your home will be a permanent reminder to him of the days of companionship and the highs of emotion he deserves a place such as this!

**A HOME FIT FOR HEROES.**



Colleges for de-Phuoced conscripts — a draft plan

# PHIZZGIGS

## NAME OF HEARTS

**SEVENTY-ONE DAYS** after the trial began, Rev. Neil Glover was convicted of "disobedient conduct" by a Melbourne Anglican church tribunal. The offense was in disobeying his archbishop's order.

Dr. Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne, forbade Glover's remarriage while his first wife was still alive. He divorced her in 1975 and he still retains custody of the child although she has since remarried too. Glover married and had his parish.

The unfortunate case is now sucking headlines outside his church as manager of a Melbourne clothing store.

But back on the home front, there is still controversy about the legality and fairness of the Tribunal trial—as well as the desirability of a change in the law.

The main trouble with the trial was that there is no Anglican canon law against a clergyman remarrying divorced although there is a strong Anglican policy against it dating from the 1866 and 1968 Lambeth Conferences—but policy is not binding. In Long v Bishop of Cape Town the Privy Council held that the oath of canonical obedience does not mean a clergyman will obey all the commands of the bishop against which there is no law, but that he will obey all such commands as the bishop by law is authorized to impose.

Glover was well within his rights to ignore the Archbishop's divorce instruction (distributed 1962) because the law did not support the bishop's instructions.

The offenses for which an Australian Anglican clergyman can be charged are set out under eight headings in the Offences Canon (1962) of General Synod and many clergy are at a loss to see how any could be stretched to cover Glover's case. The fact is that one was.

The Archbishop showed himself to be cautiously reformable in the face of strong pressure. Glover had a child who would benefit by the remarriage, the Queen had recently approved the remarriage of Lord Hawke (the Beebe Smith) and public opinion was running about 74% in favour of remarriage after divorce.

One writer appeared to Canterbury saying that he had a close knowledge of the facts and reminded Dr. Woods of an outstanding poet. It would be a permanent disaster, he went on, if he were remembered as the Archbishop who "lost a vicar for getting

married" as Coma Ling went down in history as the Archbishop who cast the first stone" at the Abolition. A copy of a "Times" letter was enclosed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain replied:

Dear Mr. Clergyman,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of May 30 which enclosed a copy of a letter you wrote to the Editor of the "Times." It is very kind and thoughtful of you to have sent it.

Yours sincerely

(Don't ring us, we'll ring you)  
Our Melbourne religious correspondent writes:

"Glover and his lawyers are at the moment warring about an appeal. What is stopping them is the conviction—on the part of supervised legal men—that the Tribunal was "biased" for rigid as I would put it, and that unless they obtain very clear assurances about the composition of the Appellate Tribunal that, too, is likely to "receive instructions" before it sits.

This is an appalling comment on the Anglican Church's first use of its judicial power under the 1961 Constitution."

## RODES SCHOLAR

He was shabby and singular, floppy-haired and very phony, and of late twopenny and fourpenny views. Would have taken him a few years to be flattered by colleagues and reviled by Rhodesian backbones. I'd drop his name but he might soon be looking for a job (but this might help).

Thirteen together over a dry and at the bottom one (and one) was elevated for a lot of reward (rewards). This finally turned out to be New Guinea. Having helped build Oulu Ruwa in Sydney last year, and having just returned from the Capetown Political Science Summer School on New Guinea, I felt that this was a subject on which I could now hold forth with great authority.

I had heard that our unnamed friend had done some work for the Rhodesian Ministry of Information in Melbourne, and I suggested of the useful connection could solve his temporary state of unemployment.

This could well be the case, he confided. In fact right now he was awaiting the go ahead from Salisbury. The assignment? Groundwork for a survey of political attitudes and development in Papua and New Guinea.

You must be joking, say old Territory men and, they would be just you is.

Oh yes they would, he said. He had a British passport issued prior to U.D.I. and no one could stop him.

What's the idea behind the job, I asked, as casually as possible.

"They're preparing a case to show that New Guinea just isn't ready for independence, and maybe never will be," he said.

But the sort of confirmation and support that happy Mr. Barnes needs!

—B. Wilson

## LOOK BLACK IN ANGER

**BLACK POWER** poet and playwright LaRoi Jones is now out on bail after his conviction (by all-white jury) for possession of a gun at the height of the January New York riot riots.

He was sentenced to 34-years good plus \$1,000 fine by a judge who took the unusual (twisting "prejudicial") step of reading to the court a poem by LaRoi Jones which had appeared in *Patrian Review*, substituting "black" for "whiteship."

or those slaves and refrigerators, record players, shagbuns, in Sears, Roebucks, Klean's, Hahnes', Chane, and the smaller jumbo companies. . . You know how to get it, you can get it, no money down, no money down, money don't grow on trees no way, only whitey's got it, makes it with a machine to control just. . . The word machine says Up against the wall mother (blackie) this is a stick-up. Run up and down Street Street nigger, take the black you want."

Pretty heavy stuff for a jury, especially if there were any representatives from the "black" intelligentsia or any with a Broad Street address.

But right or wrong the old man entered, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, Peter Delaney and others came out for the purged poet with a manifesto as heated as the judges' summing-up.

"We believe LaRoi Jones, not the Newark Police, that the poet carried no weapons in his car, no weapons in the car at all, that the police beat Jones up, and after three years upon him found two guns that weren't there; that after the double whammy of being and rabbit-earst guns, his trial before an all-white jury was unjust-whatever. He and his fourth wife, a respectable whitey—his judge addressed LaRoi Jones as a "respectable whitey" . . . and sentenced him to two and a half years for it.

"Mr Jones' whiteness in that self-same denizen we call tyranny, infamy, dictatorship. As poet he championed the black unpopularity, as revolutionary poet his revolution is fought with words. His actions that the police carried the gun. Look all the truth!"

Watch this space for the appeal.

## up in the ALP

When Gough Whitlam got back from his six-week Asian safari last month, he was not very impressed.

"It's history," one veteran Labor man muttered after a four-hour wait at the airport for Gough's (symbolically?) late plane. "Anyone who goes on a junkie like this and takes his wife with him doesn't deserve to be Prime Minister."

The backroom boys, still unable to believe their bad luck at the timing of Harold Holt's death, were even more unhappy. Holt's had Gough recently failed to realise that his boss had someone stronger than either Harold or Arthur Calwell to beat, he had badly reorganised Gough's executive, apart from one rather petulant telephone ("Your colleagues have given me a formidable opponent").

Indeed, while (according to the old guard) he should have been disposing himself in the Golden Fields Messing Parlor in Bangkok, or (according to the new guard) he should have been bravely analysing evidence to sway the Gorton line, Gough had been studying (went for it) party reorganisation.

From Delhi, Tokyo and Kathmandu the telegram boys were racing hot to ALP headquarters with more and more suggestions of how the Labor parties of the Far East ran their business, and why Anisheba (in one of the recent neighbourhoods of wherever) should do the same. Gough's time could hardly have been worse.

The backroom boys always look forward to the time Gough is overseas as a chance to do some constructive groundwork. Apart from the hard left (Jim Cairns and friends) and the Old Faithfuls (Doug Maclelland and friends) the parliamentary party takes little interest in the day to day workings of the ALP. Thus with Gough, the focus of the move and the discontent, vacated out of the way for a few weeks, the backroom boys had hopes of setting up a rainbow's atmosphere of compromise and even unity for him to walk on when he got back.

Unfortunately the reorganisation telegrams got wronged, and the atmosphere was just about ruined. Gough responded, Apart from the office gals who were waiting for Graham Franksberg, the press secretary (who did not take his wife with him) the reception committee comprised Federal secretary Cyril Wyndham, as a prize battler pushing the right and the left, the deputy leader, Lance Bernard, as a passive between warring trends the north and the west, and NSW senator Joe Fingleton, as a peace between drinks.

Gough got to work at once, giving out lots of all the places he'd visited and all the important people he'd talked to in look-

ed good on paper, but on analysis, there was some doubt as to what, if anything, he'd actually done. For a start, he did not mention Nepal as a country on the itinerary—a lot of ammunition. He also dived on Vietnam, and his meeting with the Minister for Revolutionary Affairs (rather a northern proposition or the quietest job in the world) and the Minister for Open Arms (welcome committee?)—a lot of confusion.

Next day he held a press conference. He showed definite signs of nerves, in spite of saying all the right things about almost everywhere. Reporters who had hoped to hear the most recent of the Sukarno jobs, in follow up from other political visits, were disappointed. Instead, they got a rather dull drizzle about the need for co-operating with everybody. Since Gough had already knocked this line off a couple of days earlier, Whitlam men prepared for the worst.

They got it. Amid shouts of reform, the party moved to Butler's Paradise, and the location flew. Jim Cairns produced a red talk about Socialist party to 1975, including further Labor split and the reformlessness of the banks. Backroom boys blushed beneath the healthy colour they were expecting from notes of champagne (The Labor conferences provide reports with their only real money-making chance of the year, because almost every report is for champagne, and women as a necessary part of mingling with the ALP).

Amid the secretary swapping, which explains some of the minor and more personal party split, Gough's most recent reform proposals were found aside almost unnoticed.

Slightly disconsolate, he moved south to Higgins, and, being unhappy about a lot of things, took it all out on Arthur Calwell ("He debauched the Vietnam debate").

Arthur hit back, reporting Gough to the federal executive.

There is no doubt Gough will win the fight, but surely it's time he realised that Gorton—not Calwell—is the man he has to beat.

Phandleedinks? Giggledinks?  
Phizzlegags? Flozzlegags?  
Phinkledinks? Twiddlesticks?  
Wimpeiestreets? Noodlenicks?  
Phyzzydrinks? Or whatever it is, this section of OZ needs people who think they either know or feel something more than we are accustomed to hearing from the established media. "Phizzgigs" is a magazine within a magazine, and like any damn magazine, it has to be written. Contributions are needed and any Phizz published will get cash for his titillating. Mail your scandal to OZ Magazine, Box H143, OZtrela Square Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

I won't fail.



# INTERROGATION MARKS

**GISELLE MALINI** is an advocate in the Paris Court of Appeal and also presides over the Commission of General Inquiry of the International War Crimes Tribunal (aka Russell Tribunal). Although Bernard Russell himself has been relatively silent for some time and the Tribunal has had difficulty in finding a city for its headquarters, the members have been active all over the world.

Mina Hakala has led two missions—one to Vietnam and the other to America. She was arrested in the human components of the "U.S. War Machine" and the following extracts are from an article she wrote in "Le Monde" about the attitudes and experiences of American servicemen performing the work of the war time dirty work.

In short, the article is about tortures and weapon killers. And it is the "allies" who perform the atrocities, it is the ones themselves who tell the stories.

**Peter Martinson**

Now a Berkeley psychology student, 23, from September, 1966 to June, 1967, he was an interrogator with the 44th Military Intelligence Corps.

A victim of several thousand interrogations, Martinson said "I know of no assassinations in Vietnam where, according to the definition in the Geneva Convention, a war crime has not been committed. It would be stupid and wrong to pretend that only the Vietnamese include in torture. I have never seen an interrogation conducted by North Vietnamese alone." His power over prisoners was "absolute... power of life or death."

"Someone," Martinson stressed, "must point out that the Americans imagine they cannot commit war crimes simply because they are Americans. They must realize that one does not have to be a Nazi to commit war crimes."

"One realizes that everyone is a potential torturer, that these people are normal. At first you strike a man to get something, then because you are angry and finally, for the pleasure."

**Dave Tack:**

Now a night porter, Negro, 25, infantry from Jan 1966 to Feb 1967.

"In February 1966 at Camp Holloway, near the village of Pleiku, I saw a Vietnam tortured by South Vietnamese under the direction of the U.S. Forces. The man was tied spread-eagled on the ground. They drove a knife under his fingernails and into the sole of his feet. As this adjusted to reality they drove the point of the knife under his eyeballs. He still refused to speak."

He was then put in a bed where were cast only big enough for him to crawl on his hands and knees. As soon as he moved, the beds dug into his flesh. They left him there for two days.

The torturers were South Vietnamese but there was an American officer—a captain—who gave the orders to a South Vietnamese interrogator.

Tack also found a man was a race war. He was commander once urged his boys on by saying "I want you to let these Vietnamese so hard that I can see that head swimming in Vietnamese blood."

"We were all surprised because we thought that a detachment necessarily had to be made between the Vietnamese people and the Vietnamese... But the officers called all Vietnamese 'books' and told us that they were all dirty and the only good Viet was a dead one."

And what was worse, "numerous colour of G.I.'s and myself realized that we was considered here in the same way as in the Vietnamese."

Tack also loved "the steel music" when he entered a village.

"Each time we were fired on from a village... for a minute or each one we could fire blindly with whatever weapon we had (rifle, machine-gun or whatever). For us, until the contrary was proved, each Vietnamese was a Vietnam."

As for prisoners, "Following a battle — it was March 23rd, 1966, 50 miles north of Hanoi—several wounded North Vietnamese lay on the ground. We were raging because it was our first battle and we had lost several buddies."

A Japanese-American, Sergeant Kakebuchi, took his helmet and cut off the head of a soldier wounded in the chest. He was still alive. Blowing cut off the head, the sergeant took it and threw it up the hill to serve as an example to other North Vietnamese."

"Another day in November, 1966, I took my place in a helicopter at Hanoi. During the flight one of the North Vietnamese (prisoner) started to laugh. Hearing this,



the prisoner told the pilot who immediately ordered: 'Throw that son-of-a-bitch out!' The man, still tied, was hurled straight out in mid-air."

And if wounded prisoners were taken? "What I can say is that we never allowed the prisoners to die of their injuries. They were always killed. Several times I saw wounded prisoners waiting to be evacuated to a hospital. G.I.'s approached them and fired bullets into their heads to get rid of them."

**Donald Duncan:**

Interrogator in interrogation methods to Special Forces, one of the planners of the 1965 Delta operation. He wrote an expose of the methods in "The New Legion."

"The way I taught left no doubt in my students' minds that there were times when

*Continued on page 11*



# PETROV RE

Alan Duffield was Dr. Evatt's private secretary for many years and is the author of "Evatt: the Enigma" recently published by Lansdowne. Some sections of the original manuscript were deleted against the author's wishes during publication—but this is every publisher's right.

No author can complain unless the publisher cuts destructively or for motives other than for the improvement of the book.

The two stories below are extracted with some alterations from the original manuscript. They do not appear in the book.

## 1. STREET

DURING what might be termed the Petrovian period the question of people who appeared in the Petrov papers was always one of constant discussion between Dr. Evatt and his associates. Those named were Australians who were supposed to have been sympathetic to the U.S.S.R. and who according to the documents handed over to the Security Service by Petrov, had been allotted code names by Moscow.

It was at this convention that the name of Lady Jessie Street was discussed by Dr. Evatt. I have known Lady Street for many years. She was always a friendly soul and had been a member of the A.L.P. up till the time she resigned when the Central Executive of the Party proscribed the Friendship With Russia Society—of which she was a leading member.

Dr. and Mrs. Evatt were also great friends of Jessie Street. It was Dr. Evatt who put Mrs. Street's name forward as Australian first Minister to the Soviet Union when the U.S.S.R. and Australia first exchanged diplomatic representatives at the legation level in 1943.

Although Evatt, as Minister for External Affairs, placed her on the short list of names for Cabinet consideration, Sirat, M.L.C., a Victorian Labor man, was appointed in the end.

However, Mrs. (later Lady Jessie) Street did go very close to becoming Australia's first diplomatic representative to the Soviet Union.

She made several visits to Russia, was charming and deeply engaged in the work of several societies designed to promote friendship with the Russians, and played a leading part in organizing "disarmament and medical aid" for Russia. This was during

the darkest days of World War II when that country was our "glorious ally."

If the Moscow papers included names of Australians who held positions of influence and were of interest to the Kremlin authorities because of their known sympathy for the Soviet Union, then the name of Jessie Street would surely have been in a prominent position.

Yet, for some strange reason, throughout all the lengthy proceedings of the Petrov Commission Jessie Street was never called as a witness.

Some of Australians, some with the most superficial relationship with anything included in the interests and understanding of the U.S.S.R., were listed and given code names by Moscow.

Great politicians of anti-labor vintage who had expressed at some Canberra cocktail party at the Soviet Embassy a mild interest in what was happening in the country of the communists found themselves in the documents handed over by Petrov. They had received a code name and were mentioned as people worthy of study and further cultivation.

Then there were the do-bards, the strong force of Soviet devotees.

They were there, naturally with appropriate code names. But when the Commission rehearsed the story that had come via the defector Vladimir Petrov via Security, there was no mention of the name of Lady Jessie Street.

I argued again and again with Dr. Evatt the significance of this fact. Later, he agreed that there was something peculiar in the fact that Jessie Street was not named and asked to give evidence.

Years after, in conversation with Lady Street, I mentioned this aspect to her. She was, she said, in London during the time of the evidence taken by the Petrov Commission and had written back stating that she was quite willing to return to Sydney to appear as a witness. But she was not asked to do so.

Then, it is quite reasonable to assume that the Commission had decided not to call her.





# VISITED

and her name was kept out of public proceedings for reasons known only to itself.

Lady Street, a woman of undoubted racial courage in public affairs, would not have hesitated for one moment to come forward and challenge or contest any situation which may have been created by her name having been included in any of the Petrow documents.

If the documents were all those claimed to be by Petrow and the examining authorities, then the only possible conclusion that made sense of her exclusion from the Petrow hearings was that her name was kept out for purposes not stated.

Lady Street, the wife of the then Chief Justice of N.S.W., Sir Kenneth Street, had never failed to give public witness to her radical political beliefs. She was always in the forefront of movements for peace and international understanding. Her attitudes were well known to most Australians and she had actually run Tory politicians from the House. In witness a few blundering votes when he narrowly held the blue-ribbon conservative seat of Westwood in the 1943 general election, Justice Street stood as the John Curtin Labor candidate.

I must give further point to this particular version of that Petrowian period. Later in the hearings, when I no longer had counsel to represent me, I was in the witness box for my third and final appearance before the Commission.

Wendover, Q.C., senior counsel leading the Commission, was bustling around in his usual dead-end style of cross-examination, and asked me if I had been a signatory to a public petition calling on the Sydney City Council to allow the Red Dean (the

Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hoveler Johnson) the right to address a meeting in the Sydney Town Hall. It was such a minor matter and so long ago that I could hardly recall it.

However, I answered Wendover by saying that I believed in the right of free speech and would have signed such a petition had someone asked me to do so.

Then it suddenly came back to me just it had been Justice Street who had been a prime mover in getting the petition going and that she had come into our office collecting signatures and that I had asked what he I said in my reply to Wendover that I had signed at the request of a well-known and respected citizen. They told me to write the name on a piece of paper, which I did. It was the name of Justice Street.

The slip of paper went from Wendover to the three judges on the bench and when it reached the chairman, Mr. Justice Owen, of the Supreme Court of N.S.W., it was quickly torn up and I was told no more questions—"the witness may stand down."

## 2. GRUENING

IN AN ENTIRELY different context in the story of former U.S.I. correspondent, Peter Gruening, son of Dr. Ernest Gruening, now U.S. Democratic Senator from Alaska.

Peter Gruening had told certain people that he was following leads that might break wide open the political conspiracy of the Petrow affair. As an American provision he had come upon information that suggested something " sinister " in events leading up to Petrow's election.

He was working on what he had gathered and hoped to make it public before he returned home to the U.S.A. But this was not to be. What Peter Gruening believed he was in the process of uncovering was never known.

He left his office one day to drive to Maroubra to meet a business associate arriving from another State. Peter Gruening never reached the automobile. He just disappeared.

The police were notified and days later his body was found in his car. He had driven to one of the new and outer Northern Suburbs of Sydney, pulled into a lonely spot, and was found gassed from carbon-monoxide.

A piece of lace had been connected to the exhaust of his car and was put through a window which, like the rest of the car windows, had been wound up. The engine had been left running all Peter Gruening was overcome by the poisonous fumes, sank into oblivion and was later found dead. A pocket of sleeping tablets was found in the car. A subsequent coronal in-

questing in Rouse Street, Sydney, one day well after the Commission had ended, with a lady who had been named in the papers handed over by Petrow certain peculiar features of the whole affair, I told her that she had been subjected to a pretty tough cross-examination. Now she had been a close aide of Justice Street in her work during the war years.

I mentioned to her the way in which Lady Street's name had been kept out of proceedings. She confirmed that Justice Street was always willing and available to be called if the Commission had so determined.

She went on to say how at one stage she was being rather severely "grilled" in the course of cross-examination about the Anglo Russian incident which I have mentioned. Incidentally, she let the name of Justice Street drop in connection with a point she was trying to make. Almost immediately, this person told me, "the heat was off" and the witness told the credit slip down!

quiry held that Gruening had committed suicide.

Much later, reports reached Dr. Gruening which gave rise in his mind to certain suspicions about his son's untimely death.

There was no substantial evidence why Peter Gruening, with a promising career before him, should have wanted to end his own life.

Because of the stories which may have gained some credence in the mind of Senator Gruening and his wife, a letter came to Dr. Ernst from Mr. Justice William D. Douglas, of the U.S. Supreme Court. He wrote as a friend of the Gruening family. He knew Dr. Ernst as a fellow jurist and asked if Dr. Ernst could say if, in his opinion, there were any suspicious circumstances in Gruening's death.

Mr. Justice Douglas said that the Gruening family was anxious and distressed but all the facts had not been thoroughly sifted. But Dr. Ernst felt he could state no fresh light on the case.

He did make some enquiries through local police officials but the end result was that there was no reason why the tragedy should not be regarded as other than suicide.

Dr. Ernst was now resolving the steps physically and mentally where he did not appear capable of making any strenuous efforts or serious enquiries on the Petrow affair.

But the case is still open in many people's minds. Why did Peter Gruening die? He wanted the case to consider suicide. Who stood to gain by his death?





SINCE THE EARLY 1950's the Commonwealth has operated a system of voluntary press censorship on "defence" matters by the use of D Notices. Very few people in or out of print media know of the existence of the system.

A curious Defence, Press and Broadcasting Committee comprising representatives of defence departments, newspaper groups, radio and TV has been set up to issue the notices.

"A D Notice," Mr. Holt told parliament last year "is a confidential request in the interests of national security not to make public specific matters referred to by the Notice."

The number of D Notices currently in force is small and it is not in the national interest to disclose the precise number or the subjects to which they relate (Why? See the box on this page).

On Friday, June 30, "The Australian" provided an article concerning "the methods used by the Australian security service to get copies of messages flashed between embassies in Canberra and their home countries".

But on Saturday no article appeared and "The Australian" staff was apparently disappointed about it. The acting editor would tell NATION'S Richard Fennell nothing because he had given "an undertaking that I wouldn't say anything about it". Something like a D Notice on D Notice.

It was left to Rupert Murdoch to say that the story was dropped after Defence pointed out that a D Notice (on "Official Communications") had been overlooked. The story was killed immediately.

The worrying point is that D stands for Defence and Australian governments have never been slow to include "security" in defence and politics in security. "The interests of national security" is a term as vague as the year materials. Information re VIP flights operated by 34 Squadron RAAF could surely be the subject of a D Notice.

In England a similar system exists but there are many English defence correspondents with access to classified information and the intelligence to make informed pressing a threat to genuine defence secrets.

Whereas D Notices can be justified in that regard in Australia the situation is very different and the risk of damaging information appearing is minimal. In any case, the Chinese Act has stringent provisions.

But D Notices are a convenient cloak for political censorship. In January 1963, the English weekly issued a Notice on Chinese Kung-fu magazine. More recently, the Observer and Sunday Times stories on Kim Philby were printed in defiance of D's and the idea for the D's "Australian" story came from a London Telegraph piece alleging that all overseas cables were sent by British security—printed in spite of a D Notice.

After the "Australian" affair, the Commonwealth Committee's secretary issued the

following confidential letter to newspaper editors:  
22nd September, 1963

Dear Sir,

As D notices have been in the U.K. news recently it may be opportune to remind editors and managers of newspapers and other media that the system is also operating in Australia through the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee, a list of whose members is attached for your information. In brief the system is that where particularly classified matters affect Defence require special protection in the national interest a Draft D notice is submitted to the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee which may accept it as it stands or ask some amendment. When the D Notice has been accepted by the Committee it is then issued on a Private and Confidential basis to editors and managers of newspapers, radio and TV stations in the name of the Committee with the request that they observe the restrictions contained in it.

Experience in this country is that the operation of the news media has been very good but we are always a little concerned that as D Notices are issued so infrequently they may be lost sight of in the intervening periods or overlooked when changes in management or editorial responsibilities take place.

It would assist us in ensuring that the cover provided by the D Notice is fully effective if addresses could inform us when their old changes in editorial and management responsibilities to that we can keep our list of addressees up to date. For your information I have attached a list of current D Notices and I will be glad to supply a copy of any D Notice which you do not have.

Yours faithfully (Sgd)  
Secretary and  
Executive Officer

The list of D Notices current in late 1967 and shown on this page makes it clear that the scope is wider than Defence. One can

only wonder what No. 14 "Official Communications" means but No. 12 "Petrol Enquiry" is most surprising.

How could mention of anything raised in the 1953 Petrol affair affect defence? Is it just an embarrassing episode that successive Liberal governments would prefer to keep under wraps? Has something happened since the close of the inquiry?

The whole Petrol defence and Commonwealth was a scandal which reflected little credit on any of those involved. GZ doesn't assume D Notices so we feel bound by no "undertaking". Petrol was a steady Russian bore with several nasty facets to his character.

Defence defectors, he was involved in smuggling whisky into Australia as "rescue supplies". A star Commonwealth witness and he would then fling it around the plucked Sydney nightclubs—sometimes in a diplomatic act.

He was an NKVD spy within the Russian Embassy where he was cordially hated. After Security found that he wanted to defect (for reasons never made clear), he was kept on ice for six months before being allowed by Security to actually make the trip. Was this delay to wait him in a tight situation?

After defection, for which he was paid \$10,000 down and probably will draw a pension, Security spirited him off to the Gold Coast.

There he distinguished himself by going on a binge and making a party scene noisier. He was arrested, gave a false name of John Olson (his one actual track) and had to be sprung by his guards.

Since that time nothing. The D Notice presumably stops newspaper speculation. Informal sources say he was on the Gold Coast for some time and then moved to central Victoria. There are also strong rumors that his wife is reaching strategic positions left him and that one or both have left the country.

#### DEFENCE PRESS AND BROADCASTING COMMITTEE CURRENT D NOTICES

- O Notice No. 1: Naval Building Programme—Publication of Information.
- O Notice No. 5: Technical Information Regarding Weapons and Equipment.
- D Notice No. 6: Air Defence.
- O Notice No. 7: Photographs taken from the Air—Restrictions on Publication.
- O Notice No. 11: Secret Agents.
- O Notice No. 12: Petrol Enquiry.
- O Notice No. 14: Official Communications.
- O Notice No. 16: Publication of certain Defence Radio and Radar Information.



it is necessary to use "other methods" . . . from the official point of view, if someone said "you teach torture," we could reply "no, we only teach what the others do." So we taught how to crush the testicles, how to put a bucket over a prisoner's head and beat literally defenses. Blows down above, how to hang him up by a rope or a chain and twist his body; other techniques like isolation, electric shock . . . among the "other methods" without doubt you must include inflicting electric shocks to the genitalia.

The point that was emphasized was never to leave a trace on the victim's body.<sup>6</sup>  
**Rubin Moore:**

A friend, wrote "The Green Berets," believes the only solution is an exacting mind chase.

"Yes, it's true that potential has been used in Vietnam. The first time I saw it used was when a Special Forces captain ordered the medics to administer it."

Moore told of assassinatee's "They are forced to achieve a specific objective"—a general name for an individual marked out for killing. It's a guerrilla war method, like medical team activities, to help stiffen the morale of the local people.

If a man highly placed in the NLF causes trouble, that's a motive for killing him."

"The trauma was felted during the Dets operation. In 1965 it was decided we must break down the conceptual structure of the village. After evacuating a village to stop any outside intervention, the Revolutionary Development Cadres (RDCs) copy of the VC's political text) educated this people by psychology.

In each village there were people who were assassinated and the trauma was organized to get rid of them. They could use any methods they chose. Trucking, transport and equipment were all American."

The Russell Tribunal is persons and groups in many countries and so doubt the government would not be pleased to welcome a removal to Australia. But does anyone doubt that they would have the same sort of stories from the Australians now in Vietnam?



# No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of LIFE

**By David Widdows**

Living in London is like trying to get up twice on the pendulum of a clock ticking this wrong time. London life is almost as exciting as the British on Song Contest. As a general comment being experienced the average glass of water has got more to get your teeth in. The objects are all right and St. Paul's Library is still running its legendary book amnesty. The old man tell me by legs in Hyde Park on Sundays, gold top milk is good as is Daniel Guller's game plan—there are still some bookends where you don't buy interesting titles there's a shop in Old Compton St where you can change your name to Mick Jagger by deed of poll. There are still steps to step around for Paques Classics. Onke Toys. The British Medical Journal the 11 o'clock news on the Third jumping up and down on highly skilled spots of the Observer on Sunday. Cuckoo's Nest and Net advertisements.

But in the whole the place is horrible and this is due to the people. There are far too many Austrians. The Incredible Love Generation is completely wrapped up with glancing their beautiful eyes at each other to show how great the cold unpleasant road. House really is—spend for too much time getting high and getting nowhere. The travel story will have new things don't even make the vast pyramid of crap we are keeping on ourselves in out of self liberation or self reason in something. God help the new thing if it's IT and the Friday night clothes. They make new work of the sociopathic of a man who has lived all his life on 50c mushrooms and powdered milk.

The rich old happen are substantially worse though. There's always been an overdone overdone appendix of society who hope you have personal access. But this too expect you to like bourgeois society as an art form as well and between are pull of the forlock and the next we are supposed to draw best impression from them unless the suburban pace of Sybil's money is really about as interesting as an Evening Evening landscape leader. It's the wife's for tennis people now gossiping about their legs but still with the worst problem and the half-expected sports car and their mothers. Fight. They're all as dead as Tara Brown. The women have heads as hard as peen crunch like and gossip in the clubs like a second class conference. They are like an Autumn Time Coach Tour: all yellow and burnt out. All their parties are the same one, taking out of the time period of Moscow. Trade them the same handy words, pretty lady, punching the stomachs and eating like salad, everywhere the Domes and pointless feed-up eyes. The poor girl a high new, have nought roses on the wall, it's only the big bourgeois stalling everyone. Then it's an upper class of party someone someone in a lot of foot. Fickles. Mean. Jacks in the soccer player and

everyone gets off for a gas over, waking up in different rooms to the same. Hence morning. This is the Wipeout. Being opening their Insanity Parley.

What's worse—the factory is the people and by Time and Life to look for it. American boys trying to grow up at their hermit, always reading the minutiae outside and telling the identical story about a party, red or a top or something that was broken up by the House. There are worse, such as a hermit and gathering her who will around Old Compton Street in three writing to be picked up. There are so many in Chapter 3 of The Group and as unhappy as doctored cats (who are very happy). Everyone is chatted. French men sharing their first at. Defton from the outside. Youth leaders being fed up on the change. American fight plans like One in three. Can picking up stretched boys outside of possibly landing someone who when they came through want money for their newspapers. Danish girls secretly being told hotel secrets. London's a big book. You have got to look at the life but you want to be like about their ideas like the old Continental headlines. Rubens was little in bed. Latin boys is rare.

In fact, once upon a time there was a swinging Britain—before the Golden Days of Rap. The time when London was really opening up when the Dukes. But now it is a school waiting. The Dukes in the back of the class with NRG spots and Solitaire. Chalky taught in long dreads and to keep our heads open and our trust that. We played Dore. Dore me the building sites where no one dared to build, with the Wilson in green in a preserved sea. Rock Around the Clock was banned throughout Warwickshire. Time and Life. London Bureau don't notice us then. In the High Street billboards anyone with our clock are naked and Menor Bros. has talk, where playing world wars, an unaffiliated. Marley Davidson. On Saturday watching the heads go part with layers of bouncy presents want to show like that and southern rocky like and everyone looking like a Giles on-line. The old was remembering it. Alarms, when really he spent his was singing silly songs in his children and making figures in the Sunday pictures and forward in museum owner space. Thank the Lord for the teddy bagging left-handed nicks on bomb sites and anything up on the streets for Bill Haley and bumping sports cars on the bikes and tapping the roofs off. This was real in the suburban world where people loved a second-class train to South and get stuck in the Coop. Know Box and buy Natchers records and don't even know about the Psychoic Revolution. It hasn't stopped because some American guitarist has discovered that. Wipeout. So Wipeout. Gang you know what I want bigger and better. Bostle were going to read them.





#### On the Transplantation

*All we want now is a special Cardiac Annex attached to the Department of Native Affairs so that when our own government-sponsored heart-specialists get cracking there will be a whole sub-human species ready-to-hand that we can raise by way of the operating table to our own level of civilization (from Woomera to Woomera). Starting with the tribal elders who have nothing to lose but their followers, and we will move on to the younger generation whose hearts by then should be either acceptably defective or indistinguishable from our own, and there will be instant assimilation with no longer any danger of rejection on the part of the patient's organism, once we have overcome the initial difficulty of finding 30,000 white (dying) donors.*

BRUCE DAWE

Australia's first heart transplant is scheduled for next year.



#### What's all this?

It's a swap advert with Masque so that Masque and OZ can tit out all the rest of that crap. See if the crap in Masque interests you by looking for a copy now.

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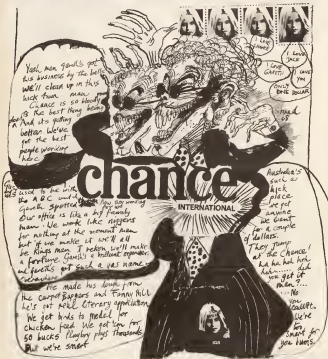
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